

Voices

by Pip's Sister

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Summary: Pip's family has just died... but somethings don't leave so easily.

Voices

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> By Pip's Sister <p>-I figured it's been far too often that people have written fanfics about their own characters'
 inner pain. I decided to do one for an actual character.

> -This is a serious fanfic, as in no jokes fanfic. Well, there are a couple, but not many.
 Don't say I didn't warn you.

> -This story takes place shortly before "Summer Sucks."

-Characters property of Trey Parker, Matt Stone, and Comedy Central, as well as Charles Dickens, who has likely already entered the public domain.

My first instinct when I wake up is to look at the clock by my bedside. It's six. Ten

> more minutes until Mrs. Joe comes in to wake me up. I can't get back to sleep, so I just lay
 there. I pull the covers closer around me and shiver slightly. Sister never turns on the heat

> during the night. "T'aint worth burnin' away our hard-earned money!" she tells me and Joe.
 Despite the bitter cold, I wish the night would stretch itself out. I don't want to go to school

> today.
 I stare half-asleep into the darkness. The cold seems to eat at me. I pray that what

> has happened before won't happened again. My prayers go unheeded.
 "Phillip..." I hear a voice whisper. My heart stops, I know that voice. I pull the

> covers close around me and sit up in bed. No, PLEASE! It can't be! It can't!
 "Phillip..."

> I tremble with horror as the door slowly creaks open. Please God! Don't let it be him!
 I promise I'll be good if you just don't...

> The door opens.
 "Rise and shine, old chap!" Joe smiles. "It's the morn and ye shant be late for school!"

> Joe leaves and I get out of my bed and stumble to the door. Thank you, thank you.<p>

I've been in this house for about a week and I hate it here. My sister is a poor woman,
> that I realize, but it doesn't ease my hunger. I try to eat the bread she gave me as slowly as
 possible, maybe then I won't be quite so hungry. It doesn't work very well. I excuse myself.
> The bus will be coming soon and I have to leave.
 "Good-bye, old chap!" Joe calls. I smile and wave as I do. A good thing about living
> here. He's a nice man, my brother-in-law.<p>

The wind whips my hair across my face and chaps my lips as I stand waiting in the cold

> Colorado weather for the bus stop. I hug myself in a vain effort to keep warm. I just keep
 waiting. Waiting for the bus to come as I stand alone. Some people like to be by themselves,
> but I never feel that way. Not now, at least. Not now when I'm always alone. No friends. No
 respect. No...
> "Phillip..." the voice comes again.
 No! Not again!
> "Phillip..."
 Leave me alone!
> "You can't hide from me!" it chants.
 Go away! Go away! "GO AWAY!"
> The bus pulls up. Oh no...
 "WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, KID!" Mrs. Crabtree screams at me. "YOU TALKING TO ME?"
> "No, no! Of course not!"
 "GET IN, KID!"
> I obey. I hear the children around me laughing. I see them whispering as I get on the
 bus. I don't look where I'm walking and suddenly find myself down on the floor of the bus.
> "Awwwww," Kyle Broflovski jeers. "Did I do that?"
 The children laugh anew as I pick myself up and sit in my seat. They're so cruel! Why
> do they always... I feel the tears stinging my eyes. No, can't cry. They like it when you cry.
 I have to try to pretend it doesn't hurt me.
> I look out the window and try to concentrate on my surroundings. School is not so far
 away. A mile or so. We'll be there soon.

Class has been in session for about a half hour, but it feels more like six hours or 12

> half-hours. 60 times three... or 240 minutes. I can't calculate the seconds. Um, math
 problems. I hear it keeps you awake in class. In this class, you often need it.
> "So, can anyone tell me who won the French and Indian War? The French or the Indians?"
 asks Mr. Hat.
> Oh bother. I know the real answer but don't raise my hand. I figure not to. I don't
 see any good it would do.
> I lay my head down on the desk and try to keep my eyes open at the teacher so it at least
 looks like I'm paying attention. I sigh. I'd wish to go home, but what's there? Nothing.
> There's nothing anywhere for me.
 Eric Cartman raises his hand. Right, the question. I'd forgotten.
> "Yes, Eric?" Mr. Garrison asks.
 "You're trying to trick me!" Eric exclaims triumphantly. "The answer is the Checkoslav-
> akians!"
 "Eric, has anyone ever told you that you don't have enough brain power to light up a bulb
> on a Christmas tree?"
 Eric throws a fit and we all laugh. I stop however. I hear an all-too familiar voice in

> the laughter. I used to love that laughter but now...
 "No," I whisper. But the laughter grows louder. "NO!" I yell. Everyone stares at me.
> Big mistake, Phillip.
 "Is there a problem, Pip?" Mr. Garrison asks.
> "Um, uh... no, er, the British and American colonists won the French and Indian War."
 "Why, very good, Pip. Now, let's discuss Washington's role in the war..."
> I'm going to pay more attention now, maybe then my imagination won't overtake me again.<p>

Could I be crazy? Is that it? Or maybe I'm just overreacting? I don't know. I don't
> like this. This worries me. Normal people don't hear voices like that.
 I wish I could be normal.

I'm on the playground now swinging on the swings. A first grader comes up to me. My
> eyes go wide. Dear me! So much like him!
 "Can you push me?" he asks.
> I nod. "Of course."
 The child is too small to get on the swing by himself, so I pick him up and place him on
> it. The boy pushes back his wild blond hair and scratches his freckled nose. I sigh. If his
 eyes were blue, it would be my little brother, Roger. Roger is gone now though...
> "What's your name?" the little boy asks.
 "It's Pip," I say.
> "Pip..." he says, as if his memory has to process my name before he can remember it.
 "I'm Rich."
> "Eh? Oh! Richard." I begin to push the swing. Back. Forth. Back. Forth. The
 swing slowly climbs higher and higher into the sky. Rich laughs with glee. Oh my God! It
> sounds just like... just like...
 The voice comes again, "You can't hide from us!" it laughs with glee.
> A new voice chants, "We're gonna get you!"
 "Gonna get you! Gonna get you!" two voices, so like one another, chant.
> Rich laughs again. No, I can't take this! I can't! I can't take any of this!
 Some unseen force moves my legs and I run away as fast as I can.
> "Pip? Pip? Where are you going? PIP!"
 I keep running, running, running. I don't know where I'm going. Maybe something will
> happen to me. Maybe I'll run away to somewhere. I don't know. I wish something would happen.
 All of a sudden I feel someone crash into me and a raspy yell. I shut my eyes and feel
> myself flip over and crash to the ground.<p>

"You can't hide from us!"
> No! I try to move, but I'm held down by many large things looming over me. Oddly
 enough, their grip is actually somewhat playful.

> "You can't hide from us!" the voice repeats.
 The grips and the voice gro form. Once the people I loved, no hat I fear every time I

> close my eyes.
 "Why did you think you could ever try to hide from us, big brother?"
> The voice's source is revealed. A boy a year younger than me. A boy with dark brown
 hair and freckles. Alexander Pirrip.
> The grips around me then form. A six year old with black hair and freckles. Bartolomew
 Pirrip.
> Two twins. Little mirrors of myself except for their dirty-blond hair. Abraham and
 Tobias Pirrip.

> And the last one, a small pre-schooler with wild blond hair and freckles all over his
 cheeks and nose. Roger Pirrip.
> I feel like crying, "No! Go away! Leave me alone!"
 "Why did you think you could ever hide from us, big brother?" Alexander asks again. "You
> said we'd be able to find you. That we'd always be able to find you."
 "Be able to find you! Be able to find you!" the twins chant.
> "You promised us we would!" Alexander accuses once more.
 "Promised us we would! Promised us we would!" my brothers echo.
> "You've broken your promise, Phillip!"
 "Broken your promise! Broken your promise!"
> "No! No! How could I have known?" I plead as the tears run down my face. "How could I
 have known? How could I?"
> Alexander stares into my eyes now as he once did, but where they once had a joyful, happy
 look to them, there now is accusing coldness.
> "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! How could I have known you would die? I tried to keep my
 promise!"
> "You didn't keep your promise! You said you'd never leave us! Why have you left now?
 Why aren't you with us?"
> I cry anew. Why weren't I? I'm away from my home! My family is dead! I have no
 friends!
> Why wasn't I in the car? Why did I survive? Why? Why didn't I die?<p>

I feel a hand slap my face. I slowly open my eyes.
> "Dude!" Eric yells at me. "You don't stand where I can knock into you!"
 I groan and put a hand on my forehead. I look around, we're in the nurses office.
> "What time is it, Eric?"
 "Damn, how the hell do I know?"
> I look at the clock. 3:00? Goodness!
 "Hey, some brain-dead cockney was looking for your French ass."
> "Who? Oh, Joe. Thank you, Eric."
 "Just get out of my face, Frenchy!" he snaps.
> I leave. Indeed, Joe is outside the nurse's office.
 "Heard you took a nasty spill, old chap," says Joe. He leads me out to the car. Then he
> looks at me. "Something wrong?"
 I sigh. "No, no, nothing is wrong."
> Joe's brow furrows. "Don' lie, Pip. Lying only hurts others."
 I hang my head and look away from Joe. Joe lifts my chin up so I meet his eyes. Joe's
> not a smart man, but I think he somehow knows what I'm thinking."
 "Your parents died not too long ago, Pip."
> I don't say anything.
 "You must feel awful."
> I lower my eyes.
 "Look at me, Pip."
> I do and tears well up in my eyes.
 "Now tell me what's wrong."

> I let out a cry. "I wish I were dead!" I sob.
 Joe looks shocked.
> "I wish I were dead!" I repeat. "I wish I was! I wish I was!"
 "Pip, no. You don't wish that!"
> "Yes, I do! I do!"
 "No, Pip. You're talking crazy, you are!"

> I sob again. "No, I wish I were dead! My parents and brothers went to their grave, why
 didn't I?"
> "Why? Well, you weren't in that poor ol' car, old chap!"
 "Why wasn't I? Why did I get sick? Why didn't I stay well and ride that car to my

> grave?"
 Joe hugs me. I sniffle a bit. Something about this reminds me of my father.
> "That car warn't for you, old chap. You were meant to live. You were meant to grow up
 and live your life happy."
> I sniffle. "But, but I made a prmise to my brothers. I promised I'd stay with them
 and be there for them. I wasn't there then..." I sob. "And I'm not now."
> Joe hugs me tighter, "I think you are, old chap. They're now with you."<p>

Somehow it all changes and I see it now.

> Phillip Pirrip smiles gleefully from his hiding place behind the tree. Phillip bites his
 lip and tries not to laugh at the doings of the five boys on the other side.
> "All right!" Bartholomew growls. "Where is the Frenchman?"
 "You can't hide from us now!" Alexander shouts.
> "Can't hide from us! Can't hide from us!" chime the twins. Roger laughs as he raps his
 toy sword against the ground.
> "Did you think you could hide from us?" Alexander calls in an attempt to taunt Phillip.
 Phillip Pirrip smiles to himself. Phillip grows tired of waiting and darts out from
> behind the tree.
 "Laaaaaaads!" Phillip calls in a weak French accent. Phillip's brothers race after him.
> Phillip Pirrip runs down the hill, past the marshes, past the churchyard, past the
 grazing cows, as his brothers follow in mock anger.
> Phillip Pirrip looks back and trips on a root above the ground. Phillip tumbles and in a
 split second his brothers are on him, laughing.
> "We got you! We got you!" the little ones chant.
 Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias and Roger hold Phillip down. Alexander Pirrip leers over
> his captive.
 "Gotcha, brother!" shouts Alexander.
> "Gotcha! Gotcha!" the ones holding him chant.
 Roger laughs and hugs Phillip. "We'll always be able to find you, right Pip?"
> "Whatever do you mean?" Phillip asks.
 "You'll alays be ith us, right big brother? You won't leave like Georgiana did, right?"
> Phillip laughs. "Heavens, no! I shall always be with you!"
 Roger laughs and hugs Phillip. "Promise?"
> "I promise," Phillip affirms.
 "I'll hold you to that promise, brother," Alexander says with a friendly smile.

I'm sorry, my brothers. I'm so sorry.

> I remember all of you. I remember the fun we had together, the Christmases we shared,
 the games we played, the outings, the holidays. I remember it all, I'll never forget any of you.
> I look at the picture by my bedside, and for the first time since the people in the
 picture left me, I can return the smile.
> "Pip! Get your lazy arse to bed!" my sister screams.
 I obey and smile to myself as I climb under the covers. Nothing has really changed, but
> I know now that things will be easier.<p>

The End.

End
file.